10¢. A COPY $1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. IV **DECEMBER, 1909** **No. 10**

DIAZ

By FRANCIS PIEDMONT LAVINIER.

Among the rulers of the world he stands
A monster grappling Freedom by the throat
And trampling on his country. From his hands
The blood of heroes drips. Oh, world, behold
A fit chastisement for a land of crime!
Earth gave him forth—an offspring of a past
Thrice foul with slaughter, treason, incest, vice;
Lust nurtured him until wronged Nature formed
His brain of venom brewed of blood that flowed
From out his heart of rancor. Why should stoop
Mankind to tolerate him? To what end?
His praise is chanted by the worms that live
Through his corruption—by a horde of slaves,
Scorned fugitives and renegades who dress
The cruel hypocrite in robes of truth,
The butcher in the garb of patriot,
The reptile in a hero's attributes.
Vile despot, who, discharging thunder bolts
On prostrate foes, renown for valor won;
False autocrat, with fame for wisdom gained
By stifling genius! Dungeons, scaffolds, tombs
Of murdered thinkers, martyred heroes, brand
Porfirio Diaz a perfidious wretch
As abject as the worms that squirm and crawl
Throughout the noisome fabric of his sway—
A Borgia come to life, enmeshed in all
The putrid tyrannies of ages past
And raging with voracity grown huge
While buried under centuries. To him,
Like ogre gnawn by hunger of the grave,

The fall of men beneath his scourge sounds good;
To him the shrieks of victims are as song,
As music slaughter, sweet the stench of blood.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

CHRISTMAS! The theme of a thousand paeans, glory to God in the Highest. A heavenly Father, merciful, kind, omnipotent, generously shedding his blessing over mankind, rejoicing in the happiness of his beloved children.

He casts his eye over the world, the mighty handiwork of his will, and proudly he says, "It is good." Love reigns in the world and brotherhood, in beauty and peace lives man, passing his allotted time in joy and gladness, and ever growing in His likeness.

He loved the world so well he gave his only begotten Son to save it. Henceforth, no tear shall dim the eye of beauty, nor care mar the brow of man, nor sorrow break the heart of innocence. The sword shall be beaten into the plow, to fill the earth with plenitude. Nor hunger, nor strife shall cross man's threshold, nor evil darken human life, nor misery poison the milk of kindness. For this his Heavenly Son died, that justice and love may reign on earth, peace and good-will. For as ye have done to the least of these, ye have done to Me. And thus He died. And as the pearly gates opened to receive His Spirit, all heaven rejoiced, and the voice of the Almighty greeted Him: Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

* * *

EXPERIENCE is supposed to be the best school. Alas for the price most of us have to pay! If we survive it at all, it's only to find that the thorny road of experience is endless. In most cases, however, the price of experience is life itself.

Such a terrible price has been paid by the recent victims of our Christian era—the miners of Cherry, Ill.: three hundred men and children sacrificed on the altar of experience, killed in cold blood for the sake of gain and profit.

"I know not whether laws be right
Or whether laws be wrong..."

but the investigation committee informs us that Illinois has the best protective and child labor laws. They tell us that *legally* all precautions against mine disasters were provided for; *legally* children were not to work in the mines. Legality, you are a harlot, a Shylock that feeds on human flesh, a delusion and a snare that has always befogged the human mind.

How many more miners will have to be killed before law-worshippers will learn from experience?

* * *

THE OTHER day we were informed that civilized man is not nearly as sensitive as a dog. If so, the American newspaper man is the most perfect specimen of civilization. His senses have become so dulled that unless a wrong becomes hideous enough to outrage the blind, he will neither see, hear, nor smell it. Ever since America has been heralded as the promised land, millions of Europeans sold their last possessions and turned their face to the goddess of Liberty, whose light never shines. Ever since that time every immigrant has been robbed and fleeced by the steamship companies, then kicked and maltreated by the gate-holders of the promised land. Not a word was ever said in behalf of the victims of commercialism and "democratic hospitality."

Suddenly the American newspaper man began to smell and to express sympathy with the "rights of the steerage." The stench from that quarter must be strong indeed to have reached newspaper nostrils.

"Inhuman conditions in the steerage of trans-Atlantic vessels, attacks on women," etc. What a wonderful discovery. And that "inhuman condition" is to be changed by "an immediate law, putting government officials on vessels carrying steerage passengers."

Stupidity, thy name is American newspaper man. To be sure, conditions in the steerage are terrible. But compared with conditions prevailing in America's dumping ground—the ports—steerage is a heaven. Compared with the graft and robbery and the attacks emigrants suffer at the hands of government officials, the steamship companies are humanitarians. Compared with the inhumanity, the brutality, and bulldozing that go on on Ellis Island and similar places, trans-Atlantic vessels furnish a haven of rest.

The only remedy for the steerage condition is a widespread strike against the steamship companies and a conscious rebellion against immigration officials. But first and foremost it is necessary that the American newspapers should be cured of American arrogance, superiority, and cruelty towards those who are still green in democratic habits: chewing tobacco, prize fighting, and negro lynching.

* * *

THE AUTHORITIES of Spokane, Wash., are evidently determined to stop the fight for free speech in that city by applying the most drastic methods. Their latest victim is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the I. W. W. organizer, who has been sent to the workhouse for three months, on the charge of "conspiracy to break the law" against street speaking.

It is a terrible crime that, conspiracy to break the law: the law which is the very bulwark of our slavery, shame, and degradation. Song and story may safely celebrate the lawbreakers of a hundred years ago, who conspired to overthrow the rule of the British monarch. But in our own day, in our very midst, such conspirators can not be tolerated. They disturb the peace of good, law abiding respectability, perfectly content to stay on the people's backs.

Privilege and authority fear nothing so much as the free word. Hence the mad efforts to suppress every manifestation of it. Nor is Spokane an isolated case. It is but the accentuated expression of a long series of suppressions, heretofore virtually ignored by the people. The outrages upon free speech now being committed by the police of Spokane are beginning to awaken American radicals out of their criminal apathy. They are growing to realize their responsibility for having witnessed, without a protest, the repeated suppression of "foreigners." Had they raised their voice to check the first attempts to strangle the free word, "American" men and women would not now be filling the jails of Spokane for demanding the right of free speech.

However, it is never too late to fight for liberty. The battle is on. Let every lover of freedom, whatever his political affiliations, join hands in a mighty struggle against the stifling of free speech. So far the American

elements have held aloof. But let us hope that now, when the first American woman has been thrown in prison for exercising the right of free speech, even they—American radicals—will shake off their indifference and rise to the call of the hour.

* * *

THE SPECTACLE of Taft, the Overfed, addressing the unemployed at the Bowery mission was indeed a sight for the gods.

Facing an audience of homeless and hungry men, the President waxed eloquent over our great prosperity and the splendid opportunities that this country offers to rich and poor alike. When he saw the bread line forming, he spoke feelingly of the men's patriotism and their undying love for their bounteous country. He was, the newspapers state, wildly applauded.

Just this touch of human misery was necessary to Big Bill to enhance the relish of his own comfort. But nothing could better picture the shameless effrontery of this man Taft in facing with lying tongue the very men whose manhood and life have been exhausted to fatten him and his class.

The emasculating effect of starvation was never more strikingly demonstrated: not a man among those hungry, shivering victims to hurl back the insulting lies into the hideous face of the Washington hog.

* * *

IT IS a bitter war that is now being waged in New York by the striking ladies' waist-makers. Exploited to the very verge of starvation, forced to work under the most unbearable conditions, several thousand girls were literally driven to strike for more decent treatment and a living wage.

Capitalism knows no sex. Man or woman, both are equally the victims of an age where Mammon is the omnipotent god. His Juggernaut as mercilessly crushes the bodies of young girls as of old men, grinding their flesh and blood into the pyramid of "social order."

And the eternally vigilant law stands ever ready to support and protect this "order," built on the bleeding corpses of women and children. In no recent struggle of labor has this been more clearly manifested than in the present strike of the ladies' waist-makers. The whole police

force of the city has been at the command of the rich manufacturers, aiding them to break up the strike by harassing the helpless girls, beating and arresting their pickets, and using the whole judicial machinery to intimidate the strikers and force them to return to work by exhausting the treasury of their union through the imposition of excessive fines.

The main issue of the strike is the right of the employees to belong to a union. The larger manufacturers, themselves thoroughly organized, absolutely refuse to concede this right to their workers. They generously promise to deal "fairly" with each individual girl, but strenuously oppose the recognition of the union. Full well they realize the power of labor united on the industrial field, and the absolute helplessness of the solitary employee.

As in Galsworthy's "Strife," the waist-makers' fight is one of principle: the right of workers to *demand* concessions with the powerful voice of economic organization. This very essential circumstance seems to have entirely escaped the understanding of the wealthy ladies who have benevolently come to the aid of the strikers. They have been "shocked" to learn that the "poor things had such a hard time of it" making the beautiful things worn by milady. Full of the Christmas spirit they rushed to help the strikers, thus unselfishly demonstrating the "solidarity" between the rich and poor.

The guilty conscience of a Mrs. Belmont may find relief in espousing the cause of the starving girls. The latter, however, know that the eternal struggle of right against might cannot be brushed aside by a kid-gloved hand. The strikers should preserve their self-respect by refusing the crumbs off the castle floor. With Tolstoy, the shirt-waist girls may confute the fine ladies:

"You are willing to do everything for us, except get off our backs."

* * *

HUMAN fiendishness could conceive no greater barbarity than the eviction of the families of the Ludlow strikers at this time of the year. The evictions have been accompanied by acts of utter brutality which make one's blood reach the boiling point.

What crime have these women and children committed

that they should be thrown, half-naked, on the frozen streets on a winter night? What was their unspeakable offence against man or god? Their crime can be summed up in one word: poverty. They are the wives and children of men who uncomplainingly toiled in the sweat of their brow in the jute and hemp product mills of the Ludlow Manufacturing Association, satisfied with a mere pittance. But as the cost of living rose and wages grew less, even these beasts of burden could suffer no longer. They were satisfied to work long hours under the vilest conditions for the mere chance of filling the mouths at home. But the cries of the hungry babes grew louder and the tears of their women folk fell faster; and as meat entirely disappeared and bread became scarce and the coal bin empty, these men piteously begged for just a little more food. The refusal of the rich Association to grant living wages resulted in a strike. Then followed the eviction of the strikers from the homes for which the workers had paid, in rent, many times their value. Now over two thousand people—men, women, and babes in mothers' arms—are lying on the streets of Ludlow, Mass., exposed to cold and hunger, huddled together, for warmth and protection, among the débris of their households.

They are waiting, waiting for the mercy of their heavenly Father, waiting for the pity of a Christian world, founded on justice and love, while the mothers grow fainter and still grows the cry of their famished babes.

What is our great civilization going to do for them? What does the glorious land of the Stars and Stripes offer them? What blessing does Christianity carry to them? This is God's own country, prosperity marches through the land, and the sweet strains of great opportunity reach every home—what is this happy country going to do for the evicted Ludlow women and their babes clutching with frozen fingers the empty, milkless breasts?

Nothing. Well-ordered communities must bow before the supremacy of the law. The sanctity of property underlies our nation. The Ludlow manufacturers have a right to the protection of the law. Their rights must be safeguarded. They own the strikers' homes. The strikers, propertyless, have nothing needing protection. The government, in the orderly course of events, will

make a thorough investigation and will then lay the results before Congress. Perhaps that august body will decide, after due deliberation, to appoint a committee to report on the conditions in the Ludlow mills. Further action will depend on its findings.

And the strikers are waiting, still on the street, without home and food. The women grow fainter; the children quieter.

Who dare advise these men, in the sight of their suffering families, to keep quiet and preserve order? Could heartless hypocrisy wield a more lying tongue? He that has a spark of humanity still smouldering in his breast will break down the hoary barrier of hypocrisy and inhumanity, and rouse those starving wretches to battle, to war against this damnable inhumanity to man, to tear to shreds the law of human slavery and destroy the fiends of hell that feed and feast on human blood and misery.

* * *

THE ALARMING increase of crime is a subject of perennial concern to our lawmakers. There is no lack of plans suggested and methods adopted for the punishment and prevention of anti-social offences. Yet it cannot be said that the efforts to check crime can be regarded as even approaching success. In spite of the most drastic methods crime is undoubtedly on the increase, proportionately and absolutely. It would almost seem as if crime is the inevitable correlative of our civilization.

The methods employed to suppress offenders have been many and varied. The resources of fiendish ingenuity and human brutality have been almost exhausted, yet the criminal is with us, in ever growing numbers. The absolute failure of all deterrent and punitive means should lead, one might expect, to an intelligent effort to determine the cause of that failure. Such, however, is not the case. The inadequacy of brutal and repressive treatment merely seems to inspire our lawmakers with the passion for increased repression. Thus the latest achievement of legal wisdom finds expression in the Connecticut law providing for the sterilization of "criminals by whom procreation is inadvisable."

By "criminals," of course, are not meant such anti-social beasts as the Rockefellers, Morgans, Hoffstots and

their ilk, but merely those who are too poor to keep out of prison. Prison wardens, admittedly the most brutalized and ignorant class of men, are given the authority to select among our social victims those "by whom procreation is inadvisable." A medical committee will then proceed to sterilize the unfortunates.

If a private citizen should thus attempt to punish his neighbor for some wrong done him—however great that wrong—would not the intended victim be justified in protecting his most precious possession even to the point of taking life? Who could condemn such an act of self-defence? Should the law, then, be allowed to perpetrate an atrocity for which the citizen would justly suffer death? We hope that the first prisoner upon whom such barbarity is to be visited will possess sufficient manhood to defend himself with every weapon at hand.

Aside the from the brutality of this statute and the damnable violation of the most intimate side of life, what practical benefit could be expected from such a legal outrage? The proportion of offenders of criminal parentage is, it is well known, very insignificant, and even these are driven into criminal channels more through unfavorable conditions than by inherited tendencies. As to the great majority of men who fill our prisons, they are admittedly accidental criminals, made such by the stress of unemployment, sickness, a fit of uncontrolled temper, or by an attempt to imitate, on a small scale, our Morgans and Harrimans.

Nothing could be more stupid than this law, except perhaps the idea underlying it. If all the criminals in the United States were dumped today in mid-ocean, next week we should face exactly the same problem of crime.

Crime is a symptom, not a disease. The criminal is but the excrescence of a sick body politic. No amount of legislation can aid, in the least, in stamping out crime, so long as our economic and political institutions remain based on the anti-social tendencies of fraud and oppression.

* * *

THE FRIENDS of MOTHER EARTH will meet Christmas Eve (December 24th), at the American Palace Hall, 310-312 Grand St., to celebrate, with a concert and ball, the coming dawn of a real resurrection.

THE SOCIAL STRUGGLE IN SPAIN

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

IN his immortal *Caprichos* the celebrated Goya has left us an unsurpassed characterization of the Spanish rulers. Bold attacks against the whole political and social order, especially against royalty; severe arraignment of the ruling clericalism, hypocritical religion and its dogmas; merciless critique of the Inquisition, priestcraft, and superstition; biting satire of the court, nobility, and ministry characterize the great work,—an ethical panorama of powerful irony alternating with phantastic dreams. In this work the artist is submerged by the free thinker and critical observer of his social and religious surroundings.

A century has passed since Goya has given *Caprichos* to the world. Yet the character of Spanish rule has not changed. Its spirit is to-day as brutal, bloodthirsty, and destructive as a hundred years ago. The modern descendants of Torquemada rule not only Spain, but the whole Catholic world; one of them, Merry del Val, is carrying out, as the Pope's secretary, the policies of the Holy See. The proverb *y á Roma por todos* (to Rome for everything) still applies in its full significance.

Notwithstanding, the world moves. While clerical dominion did not change, the life of the Spanish people has undergone a tremendous transformation, a great spiritual evolution, so much indeed, that to-day we are witnessing a social struggle for emancipation which for determination finds nowhere its equal save in Russia.

Russia and Spain—the farthest North and South. What contrast, and yet what striking similarity in the political and social aspirations of the two nations. At the same time, what ignorance abroad in regard to both countries.

To the superficial observer modern Spain is, like New Russia, *terra incognita.* The average man of to-day knows Spain only as the land of Inquisition and bull fights; a country which once indeed had mastered the world, produced great artists like Velasquez and Murillo, dramatists like Calderon and Lope de Vega, as the immortal author of Don Quixote de la Mancha,— yet a land which to-day is on the road to complete decay. Such works as George Borrow's "Bible in Spain"—a pitiful

translation of a drama by José Echegaray—or the exhibition of Ignazio Zuloaga, more French than Spanish, and perhaps the latest novel of Maurice Hewlett are about the sole sources of information of the ordinary man. He is entirely unaware of the tremendous struggle carried on in the Iberian peninsula, during the last half century, between the feudal powers and the legions of modernity; that the struggle has given birth to great thinkers, brilliant writers, and powerful organizers; that in the last decades thousands of revolutionists have bravely held aloft the banner of progress, and that innumerable martyrs have laid down their lives on the altar of humanity, and that, finally, Catalonia is the centre of the most intelligent and revolutionary proletariat of Europe— all this is quite unknown this side of the Pyrenees.

If we acquaint ourselves, however, with the views on modern Spain expressed by well-known investigators, literateurs, and revolutionists like Havelock Ellis, Tarrida del Marmol, Bart Kennedy, Enrico Malatesta, Charles Malato, and others who have personally studied the life and customs of the Spanish people, we shall behold a picture that must fill one with respect and admiration for the intellectual and revolutionary aspirations of the men and women of that underestimated nation.

* * *

No previous economic system has understood so well as capitalism to identify itself with the existing political form of a given country. In republican America it allies itself with corrupt politics; in autocratic Russia with Tsarism; in militaristic Germany with the aristocracy; in Spain with clericalism.

The Socialist movement in Spain, in its essential modern form, dates from the time of the old *Internationale*. Yet even prior to that period Spain possessed a Socialist movement. The workingmen of Catalonia had already in the 50's of the last century an organization numbering ninety thousand members. At the forcible dissolution of the organization by General Zapatero, in 1855, about fifty thousand workmen quit their factories, thus initiating the first General Strike in Europe.

In no country did the *Internationale* gain a firmer foothold than in Spain, where all the members of this revolutionary body held Anarchist views. The social upris-

ings of the 70's, in which Michael Bakunin played such a prominent part, are a matter of history.

With the spread of the revolutionary labor movement, repression on the part of the masters grew ever more inhumane and tyrannous in proportion to the greater energy displayed in the war against the capitalist régime. The names of *Mano Negra, Alcala del Valle,* and *Montjuich* are written in letters of fire in the martyrology of the Spanish proletariat.

Now, what happened last summer in Barcelona? The international stock gamblers were preparing for new pillage, namely in the Riff district, situated in the Spanish sphere of influence in Morocco. The natives resisted, rising in the defence of *their* fatherland. The camarilla in Madrid, participant in the intended capitalist robbery, arranged a campaign against the rebellious natives. Mobilization orders called out the reservists, consisting exclusively of workingmen and poor peasants unable to buy their freedom from active military service, as do the sons of the rich. Not satisfied merely to exploit the people at home, the rulers of Spain were planning to use them as cannon fodder. Heartbreaking scenes were witnessed when the Catalonian reservists gathered in the port of Barcelona preparing to be shipped to Africa. Old parents sobbed for their luckless children about to be sent to certain death; women cried over the loss of their husbands, and poor children faced the miserable fate of poor orphans. Many reservists refused to go aboard, and numerous riots followed.

Witnessing these terrible scenes, the organized workmen of Barcelona became aroused. They decided to do what the so-called friends of peace *à la* Carnegie failed to do, too mindful of their financial interests. The *Solidaridad Obrera,* the revolutionary federation of the trade unions of Barcelona, called a special meeting of its delegates to consider the situation, with a view of organizing a national protest against the war. The Governor of Barcelona prohibited the meeting. That happened on the 27th of July. Three days later a spontaneous General Strike broke out in Barcelona and other Catalonian cities. The industrial life of that large province suddenly came to a standstill. The railroads ceased operations, and the postal and telegraph service was suspended.

Had the Catalonian uprising received sufficient aid from the workers of the other provinces, the result would have been different. Unfortunately, however, the labor bodies of those districts are under the influence of parliamentary Socialists, who lacked the courage to advise their followers to join the General Strike. Still, the real purpose of that revolt was achieved. The government was paralyzed, and the embarkment of the troops could not take place at Barcelona.

The rage of the authorities transcended all description. They bent all their energies to master the situation, employing toward that end the usual governmental methods of slaughter. The result is well known. But though the popular uprising was thus mercilessly strangled, the General Strike had achieved its aim: the mobilization of reservists had to cease.

The camarilla at Madrid could not forgive the Catalonians this significant defeat. It thirsted for revenge. The terrible scenes that followed the Paris Commune were now to be repeated in Spain. About fifteen thousand persons—men, women, and children—were arrested in Barcelona, Mataró, Manresa, Sabadell, Gerone, and Anglés; among the prisoners were the most prominent labor leaders and many veterans of the revolutionary movement, like Anselmo Lorenzo, Christoval Litran, as well as Francisco Ferrer, the founder of *Escuelas Modernas*.

* * *

No other country, except possibly Russia, possesses a greater percentage of illiteracy than Spain. Among its seventeen million inhabitants only five million are able to read or write. In most of the government schools priests and nuns are the instructors; the lay teachers are sworn to defend and support the Catholic Church. The first attempt to broaden the scope of popular education was made in the 70's of the last century by the free-thinkers and republicans. They organized a number of secular schools in various parts of Spain—chiefly in Catalonia—financing them in spite of their poverty and in the face of great opposition and persecution. In 1883 these schools became federated into one organization, under the general supervision of Bartolomeo Gabarro, a former priest. But the new body failed to surmount the difficulties of the situation, with the result that it soon became disinte-

grated, owing to governmental persecution on the one hand, lack of means and proper methods of instruction, on the other.

The factor which brought new life into the educational movement of Spain was Francisco Ferrer. Born in Avella, Catalonia, in 1859, he early joined the republican party and participated in various uprisings, among them the one led by General Villacampa. Subsequently Ferrer became the secretary to Ruy Zorilla, the leader of the Republicans, following him, in 1886, to exile in Paris. There Ferrer came in contact with Elisée Reclus and other radical thinkers, gradually developing into a consistent anti-authoritarian. Like most of his contemporaries Ferrer soon became convinced that education must be the path of the people's emancipation. He therefore determined to devote his life to the enlightenment of the rising generation along rational lines.

With this object in view Ferrer returned to his native country and began the organization of the Modern School. The text-books used in these rational schools were prepared by Ferrer himself, with the coöperation of Elisée Reclus, Professor Letourneau, Dr. Martinez Vargas, Odon de Buen, Anselmo Lorenzo, and other radical scientists. The aim of the school is thus summarized in its program: "To stimulate the mental development of the child and to check the rise of reactionary atavistic instincts. Racial hatred, the spirit of caste, jingoism, and revenge, so detrimental to all social improvement, are to be combatted. Our instruction knows neither dogmas nor traditions, for the latter are mere formulas stifling all life, individual and social."

The remarkable personality of Ferrer and his wonderful energy and ability as organizer succeeded in a comparatively short time to establish, in Barcelona and other industrial centres, 53 schools, prior to his first arrest in 1906. The working population of those cities enthusiastically took advantage of the opportunity to free their children from the baneful influence of the clerical schools. The instruction of the Modern School, freed from all religious, patriotic, and social prejudices inevitably influenced the children along the lines of liberty and social equality. This education of the children reacted upon their parents, in turn inspiring them with humanitarian

ideas. Moreover, the literature published by Ferrer in connection with the Modern School circulated throughout Spain and was to be found in every workingman's library.

Ferrer's activity was thus an open challenge to the clerical, militaristic-capitalistic reaction, which could conceive of no greater crime than the rational education of children. It felt its very existence threatened. The name of Francisco Ferrer became the personification of the struggle between the Old and the New. The reaction eagerly sought an opportunity to destroy its hated enemy and his work.

This opportunity presented itself in May, 1906, on the occasion of Mateo Morral's attempt upon the life of the King. Morral, a former collaborator of Ferrer, threw a bomb at Alfonso's carriage to avenge the terrible atrocities committed upon the striking farm-laborers of Andalusia. Though no indication pointed at Ferrer as the accessory of Morral, the authorities arrested him on the charge of conspiracy. His schools were closed and his property confiscated. But in spite of all efforts to convict Ferrer, even by resorting to forged letters, the government failed in its purpose. The international protest of the scientific world resulted in Ferrer's liberation.

The uprising in Barcelona, three years later, offered the enemies of Ferrer and his work the longed-for opportunity for his final extermination. The unexpected happened. Before a new tremendous protest could be voiced, Ferrer was assassinated. The reaction was determined not to lose its prey again.

The noble educator is dead, and his schools suppressed. But has the cabal of clerical and civil authority achieved its purpose? Can the spirit of a Ferrer be really exterminated? No eulogy could more correctly characterize the modest grandeur of Francisco Ferrer than the introductory remarks to his will, written by him on the threshold of death. In this truly *document humain* he says:

"Above all, I protest with all possible energy against the unexpected circumstance of the punishment inflicted upon me, expressing my conviction that before very long my innocence will be publicly recognized. I desire that on no occasion, either in the near or the far future, or for any motive whatever, shall any manifestation of a political **or**

religious character be made over my remains, considering that the time spent in connection with the dead would be better employed in improving the condition of the living, the majority of whom have great need of it.

"I desire also," this document goes on, "that my friends speak little or not at all of me, because when men are exalted idols are created, which is a great harm for the future of mankind. Deeds alone, from whomsoever they emanate, should be studied, exalted, or branded. Let them be praised in order that they may be imitated when they seem to make for the common good; let them be criticized so that they be not repeated when they are considered injurious to the general well-being."

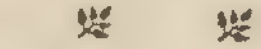
The assassination of *such* a man must prove the doom of any government. Already Ferrer proved that he had not died in vain. His martyrdom saved the lives of thousands now imprisoned in Spain. As the General Strike of the Barcelona workingmen checked the campaign of the further conquest of Morocco, so has Ferrer's death prevented the planned massacre of the incarcerated revolutionists.

Never since the memorable days of the Paris Commune, when Elisée Reclus had been condemned to death by the Versailles reaction, has the intellectual world made such a tremendous demonstration as in the case of Francisco Ferrer. Nor has any similar event ever before aroused such extraordinary protest on the part of the international proletariat. No one would have believed such unity and spontaneity possible. Within a very few days we witnessed tremendous demonstrations in Paris, London, Rome, Triest, Milan, Amsterdam, Brussels, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Chicago, New York, and many other centres; we saw the embassies and consulates of Spain repeatedly attacked, and Spanish goods boycotted in various countries. Thus the proletariat of the world proved that international solidarity is no mere theory.

We heard the intellectuals of the world voicing their protest in no uncertain manner. Anatole France, Gerhardt Hauptmann, Walter Crane, Ernest Haeckel, Giuseppe Sergi, H. G. Wells, Wm. D. Howells, Maxim Gorky, Maurice Maeterlinck, and many others expressed their indignation at the atrocious assassination of the torch-bearer of a new gospel. The whole world seemed

to utter, as one man, a cry of pain and anger. The social conscience was aroused to its very depths.

Our comrade fell in the struggle, but the Revolution marches on.



FORNARO AND HIS BOOK

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

THE IMPRISONMENT of hundreds of workingmen in Spokane, Washington, for the "crime" of trying to voice their grievances at the street corners has compelled even the most lethargic to realize what a mockery our much vaunted "free speech" is in America today. The imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, New York, of Carlo de Fornaro, the author of "Diaz, Czar of Mexico," is an equally convincing illustration of the mockery of our so-called "free press."

Here is a cultured and high-minded man who has lived in Mexico and who out of a sense of public duty formulates his "arraignment" of one of the most corrupt and unprincipled governments now in existence. His book is passionately sincere, and replete with facts and figures that should be in the hands of every lover of humanity and liberty. He tells how for thirty years Diaz has been despot in Mexico. He tells of "the justice he has sandbagged"; of the thousands of lives imprisoned, "rotting in the most infamous of jails"; of the thousands of individuals murdered in cold blood, without a trial or even a formal accusation, "like cattle driven to slaughter to serve as a repast to his ravenous ambition." He tells of liberties torn one by one, deliberately, from the Mexicans. And during the course of his indictment he devotes just two pages to Raphael Espindola, tool of Diaz, editor of Diaz's organ, *El Imperial.*

Then a strange thing happens. The Mexican Beast scents its prey from afar. Espindola rushes to New York, employs Henry W. Taft and other able lawyers to fight his case, sues Fornaro in the courts, and wins a complete triumph! Instead of being rebuked, as he ought to be in any true court of justice, and sent back with a warning to his benighted country, he is allowed to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing Fornaro sentenced to a year's imprison-

ment with hard labor, and is patted on the back by a Roman Catholic judge. "The community must uphold Espindola," says this precious specimen of the judiciary, Judge Malone, "for the confidence he placed in American courts and in the American sense of honor and justice by bringing his case to us."

Verily the spirit of liberty is dead in America when so outrageous a decision awakens hardly a ripple of interest, and hardly a word of protest, outside the radical movement.

It is all a disgraceful business, and three of the Tafts have had a hand in it. President Taft set the seal of official approval upon the barbarities of Diaz when he met him and shook hands with him at El Paso, Texas, on October 16. Charles Taft, one of the President's brothers, is helping to perpetuate Mexican peonage on his estate. Henry Taft, another brother, helped to crush Fornaro, as already related.

Under Judge Malone's ruling, any minion of any tyrant who does not like what is said about him in the press can come to New York and have authors and journalists sentenced to one year's imprisonment and hard labor, with a judicial homily thrown in. Lieut. Colonel Lacalle, for instance—may his name be accursed!—the president of the military cabal that sentenced Francisco Ferrer to death, could come to America, hale the editor of MOTHER EARTH into court, and have him sent to prison for calling Lacalle by his real name, "murderer." Premier Stolypin, of Russia, might have Herman Bernstein punished because, in a recent letter to the New York *Times* he expressed his detestation of Stolypin's bloody methods. In practically every instance, so long as reactionary lawyers could be hired and a reactionary judge was at the helm, the foreigner would win his case, since it is almost impossible to obtain public evidence against despotism in a country ruled by despotic methods. A Mexican is hardly likely to testify against his government if he knows that the price of his testimony may be his life. And so almost any denunciatory statement becomes a "libel."

Fornaro's conviction shows all this and more, but Fornaro, fortunately, is a philosopher and is willing to suffer in behalf of the cause he has taken up. Fornaro in jail,

moreover, is a living and dramatic example of the very injustice against which his book is aimed.

It may be that even before he has served his full sentence the American people will begin to understand something of what he has tried to tell them. The Mexican issue already looms large, and will soon loom larger. "Conditions in Mexico," says Mother Jones, who knows of what she speaks, "are even worse than portrayed in Fornaro's book. Under the rule of Diaz and the ring of American capitalists he serves, no man's life is safe. The people are exploited to an incredible degree. Elementary civil rights are denied, and whoever dares to protest is shot or imprisoned. Thousands of Americans, railroad men, miners and others, who have worked in Mexico, know that this is true." John Kenneth Turner's articles on "Barbarous Mexico," now running in the *American Magazine,* confirm Mother Jones's statements.

Unnumbered Mexican patriots have tried to change these horrible conditions, and been killed or imprisoned for their pains. Ten Mexican revolutionists at the present moment are languishing in American jails. Fornaro joins this noble company in the full consciousness of what such action means. "Martyrdom," he reminds us in his book, "is never barren, because every man sees on the martyr's brow a line of his own duty."

A TRIBUTE

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE MOST cruel and disgusting aspect of the Ferrer tragedy is the hypocrisy of his enemies as well as of his friends.

While the former are using every means to make Francisco Ferrer appear as a moral monster, the latter strain every effort to paint him as an angel of purity.

Between the two, the man Ferrer is being emasculated, and his life mutilated. Yet, more than anyone else, Francisco Ferrer worked for life in all its manifestations, the fullest and deepest expression of man's nature.

In a barren, desolate Spanish village, Teruel, in the province of l'Aragon, a woman is kept in exile—Saledad Villafranca, the one woman in Francisco Ferrer's life and

work. Had this woman a legal claim on the murdered man, friend and foe would pay her tribute and lament her loss. A marriage certificate covers a multitude of sins. Hatred, disgust, friction, prostitution, nay even rape, are quite the usual thing, so long as "God hath joined together."

But Saledad Villafranca and Ferrer have met in another realm, the realm of love and freedom, comradeship and harmony; a realm that has no place for the vulgarity of Church and State. Saledad Villafranca shared Ferrer's ideas and worked with him in the Modern School; she was probably the greatest factor in the man's life, yet with all that his friends have ignored the woman if only to save Ferrer from the "terrible calumny" of being considered a free lover. Oh, for the hypocrisy and pettiness of respectability!

Soon after Francisco Ferrer's arrest, Saledad Villafranca, Ferrer's brother, and several teachers of the Modern School were placed under arrest and exiled to Teruel, where they are being kept under strict police surveillance. There she spent thirty-two days of waiting, of terrible anxiety, not knowing what had become of Ferrer. Those of us who have ever been in a similar situation will appreciate the fortitude, the courage, and character of Saledad Villafranca.

On October 2nd she received the first sign of life from Ferrer, followed by three more letters, the only fragment left of a life that began in love, in joy and comradeship.

Le Journal, a French paper of Catholic tendencies, interviewed Saledad at Teruel. How pathetic and impressive her life must be that the reporter of such a paper even should pay her tribute.

"Saledad Villafranca is not only very beautiful," he writes, "but she is of extraordinary kindness and simplicity. But more than anything else, I was overawed by her serene and sombre demeanor. Not a word of her own great loss; Ferrer's innocence is all she cared to talk about." Saledad Villafranca gave the reporter a minute account of Ferrer's movements between July 26th and August 31st, the day of his arrest. "And why did you not send this account to the prosecuting attorney?" asked the reporter of *Le Journal.* "Send it?" replied Saledad. "I had my mother take it. She was not even received. I

sent it through the mail; it was returned. There was no desire to exonerate Ferrer, you see." Until September 27th Saledad could not even learn when Ferrer's case would come up. On the 30th she received news from his judge that no further testimony would be considered.

Yet with all that, Ferrer himself believed in his accusers until the last. As late as October 8th, five days before that bloody October 13th, he assured Saledad in a letter that he would surely be set at liberty. Francisco Ferrer shared the fate of all idealists: absolute inability to comprehend the gravity of reality.

His childlike faith and hope may have helped Saledad during those terrible days of uncertainty. And yet, the final blow would surely have been less fierce had she not been lulled by Ferrer's trust in the judges that finally slew him.

"No reason to worry," he wrote in his first letter of October 2nd, "you know I am absolutely innocent. Today I am particularly hopeful and joyous; it is the first time I can write to you, and the first time since my arrest that I can bathe in the rays of the sun streaming generously through my cell window. You, too, must be joyous: I will be free." No doubt Saledad was joyous, joyous in the vain hope that life which gave her a great love, could not be so cruel and take that gift from her.

Saledad Villafranca to Francisco Ferrer was, no doubt, like that sun streaming in his cell window,—warmth, light, freedom. That she could be all that, makes Francisco Ferrer very human and therefore dearer to all free spirits.

THE WAY TO FREEDOM

They never die who fall
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
Their heads may rotten in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls.
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thought
Which overpowers all others and turns the world
At last to freedom.

—BYRON.

CROCODILE TEARS

By BART KENNEDY.

IT is all very fine for well-off people to do deeds of good to the poor. It is all very fine for them to cheer them up in their hard lot. To give them coals and blankets and food during times of stress is a most laudable thing. It betokens in well-off people a sympathy and a fellow-feeling. And it is apt to make the thinker feel that the old Biblical saw that runs to the effect that it is as easy for a camel to get through the eye of a needle as it is for a rich man to get into heaven, is somewhat severe.

It is only apt, however, to make the thinker feel like this. For if the thinker thinks long enough he will collide against the fact that the rich person is the complement of the poor person. One balances the other. If there were no rich person there would be no poor person. If there were no poor person there would be no rich person. One person's riches necessarily means another person's poverty. You can no more get away from this fact than you can get away from the fact that cold is cold and heat is heat.

And therefore it is that the sympathy of the rich for those who are poor is at its best but the sympathy of the crocodile. This is a hard thing to say. But the fact is harder still. If there were no people who were starving, my friend, you would not have your ten thousand, or your fifty thousand, or your hundred thousand a year, as the case may be. These hard-up, miserable people to whom you give coals and blankets—if you do give them—are absolutely necessary for your existence. They mean you, and you mean them. So put that in your pipe and smoke it.

I know very well that there are well-off people who have a genuine sorrow for the poor. They do all they can to help them. They pay them good wages when they work for them, they tend them when they are sick—in fact, they do all that is humanly possible. And still there is one thing that they don't do. They don't stop living off the poor. They don't stop extracting the wealth from the poor. They don't stop drawing dividends that in the last analysis must be earned by the poor. In a

word, they don't stop making the poor poorer so that they shall be richer.

I know the difficulty, of course. I know what can be said. I would be a fool if I didn't. I know as well as anybody else knows that if really sympathetic rich people were to give all they had away, it would make no difference. Things would still go on as they are going. For the act of one rich person, or a few rich persons, could not affect the general state of things as they exist at present. But this does not affect the fact that the most charitable and sympathetic rich person only gives away what it is not his to give away. He only restores to others what is theirs by right. He only tries to undo some of the harm that he causes by his existence.

It is as if you wounded a man, and kept on wounding him, and still at the same time were offering him little bits of sticking-plaster to cure his wounds.

I don't wish to appear mocking or cynical, but the way rich people are lauded to the skies because of what they give away is enough to make the most solemn-faced horse laugh. I know it will be said at once that things would be more awful than they are at present did not these tenderhearted rich people give of their plentifulness. But just listen a moment. It is these tenderhearted rich people who save the show—for the rich. If they did not give back some of the wealth that they have extracted—extracted is the politest word to use—from the poor, the show would come tumbling down about their ears in double quick time. For if the starving people were really let absolutely and dramatically starve, they would be apt to lose that reverential respect for the rich and the highly-placed, that is the real reason for the existence of the aforesaid rich and highly-placed.

If too many men and women and children died of actual hunger, we should be perilously near another shake of civilization's dice box.

In fact, the mean and stingy rich people owe more than they ever dream of to the crocodile sympathy of the generous and open-handed rich people. And here I must say a thing that I don't like to say. It is this: The noble-hearted and open-handed and generous rich person is the villain of the piece. His charity and sympathy and beneficence blind the eyes of the workers to the way they are

robbed. In fact, this noble-hearted rich person is like that worst possible of all landlords—the good landlord! It is the good landlord who keeps the present iniquitous land system going. The bad landlord would have it tumbled down in no time. It is the same way with the charitable rich person. He makes the poor put up with his robbery of them.

The argument that the rich help the poor, because of the capital they spend, is the most feeble and foolish argument that the human brain has ever been guilty of. In the first place there is no such thing as capital at all. Capital simply means—in the sense of its being possessed by the rich—the power that the rich have of forcing the poor to obey their orders. When the poor become intelligent and brave enough to work only for themselves, and not for impudent do-nothings, the word capital will be expunged from the human language. The word capital simply means, give me all you've got! It is the oddest word that was ever created. It is a word meaning bluff-in-excelsis. It is a word that has its effect only because people are stupid and cowardly.

There is no such thing as capital, but there is such a thing as wealth. Wealth is composed of three things: The world, the produce of the world, and human labor. Human labor is incalculably the greatest element of wealth. Capital is a device by which cunning do-nothings steal the wealth of the world.

Rich people are capitalists.

And we want none of their crocodile sympathy for the people whom they rob.

Charity is simply a device for the fooling of the poor. It is a device that has lasted for a long time. But there are signs that it won't last much longer.

EMERSON THE ANARCHIST

By LILLIAN BROWNE.

FIVE years ago, when the world was celebrating the centennial anniversary of the birth of the "Sage of Concord," every magazine, newspaper, and periodical in America devoted appropriate space to "Emerson the Poet," "Emerson the Philosopher," "The Pantheism of Emerson," etc. Little, if anything, was said of the Anarchistic teachings of the great American genius.

It is, therefor, of this neglected and important phase of this unique, many-sided character that I would speak. For, in the approaching years, when Emerson the poet, the philosopher, the pantheist wears his laurels after the customary undisputed fashion of the classic, who is allowed his solitary eminence with unquestioning, passionless acquiescence, Emerson the reformer, the free-thinker, the Individualist will remain a living force and will be honored with the passionate sympathetic understanding of the man who speaks to modern men.

The poets of America, excepting Poe, Lanier, and Whitman, are silent voices to most of us to-day. The Concord School, aside from its historic interest, wields little influence upon the minds of the new generation. The so-called classics, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes, have no phase outside of the text books as poets. The only hold they retain upon adult moderns is not through their relation to the poetic muse, but through their connection with the events of their own day. The revolutionary spirit of the Quaker Whittier—strange paradox!—is the sole vital bond that shall unite the spirit of the old school with that of the new.

There is an element of pathos in the thought of these impotent voices which arouse no response within our souls. The books which bear their names remain on our bookshelves unopened. They are silent witnesses of the transience of popular adulation. For it is significant that these poets of yesterday received recognition for their lays and a more or less substantial recompense for their pen products. And if the vision of the half-starved Poe, with the haunted tragic face, tells no other tale from its garret window, does it not speak of the proverbial poverty and neglect that genius seems fated to endure; while the

complacent lordly countenance of Longfellow smiles benignly upon a world that loves and pays for prolific talent?

Although Emerson's poetry stands removed, in a class by itself, from that of the other New England poets, nevertheless, as a poet, his influence upon the new generation wanes in a proportionate ratio to the increasing demand for Whitman and Poe.

As a pantheistic philosopher Emerson's name stands with the names of the English poets Shelley and Wordsworth and side by side with the Dutch Spinoza and the brilliant Florentine Bruno.

As a Freethinker, an Anarchist, Emerson is unique, though here too we discover a resemblance to Jesus and to Shelley, but more particularly to the modern Tolstoi, while his Anarchism, permeated as it is with the Transcendental philosophy, removes him from the Russian and French materialistic school to which Michael Bakunin, Prince Kropotkin, and the Reclus brothers belong. Important as this distinction is, nevertheless the American's fierce insistence upon the sovereignty of the Individual is not to be mistaken.

Emerson's "Essay on Self-Reliance," more, perhaps, than anything else he has written, sounds the trumpet call of the emancipation of the Individual; emancipation from the bondage of customary and traditional virtue, from the spiritual slavery of family despotism, from the chains of superstitions and popular standards. Investigate for yourself, trust your own judgment, is his continual reiterated watchword. "Whoso would be a man," says this American freethinker, "must be a non-conformist." "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must investigate if it be goodness." And again, "Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my own constitution, the only wrong what is against it." "Live no longer," continues the revolutionary seer, "to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances, hitherto. Henceforward I am the truths," words which remind us of the utterances of one who twenty centuries ago declared his mission in unmistakable terms: "For I am come to

set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Revolutionary words these, aiming as they do at the very bed-rock of society—the family!

If Emerson were living to-day, there can be little doubt what rôle he would play in the social revolution. We can picture him, an American Tolstoi, non-resistant, or, rather, a passive resistant, serene in his retirement, indulging in the luxury of the simple life, removed in god-like isolation from the cruder side of the conflict; yet, devoting his Olympian leisure to the cause of freedom, entertaining the few choice spirits of the age with benign and hospitable patronage.

Indeed, while we have likened Emerson to Shelley and Wordsworth because of his metaphysical outlook, in the subtler, psychological phases of his nature, he resembles the modern Tolstoi more perhaps than any other literary spirit of modern times. Like the great Russian, his soul sincerely and passionately longed for consistency between his doing and his desire, but the flesh proved victorious over the spirit of these two great geniuses, while their minds are ever pure and unsullied. Pagan natures at bottom, which neither the inherited Puritanism of the American, nor the acquired asceticism of the Russian could deny, the claims of the body hold them securely to earth, natures which the temporal powers never fear, knowing well that danger lurks only in the path of the fiery impassioned soul that dares all for freedom; the soul that knows no rest in quiet secluded nooks while oppression is abroad in the world of men.

It is doubtful if Emerson's Anarchy was of the constructive type. So far as we know he had formulated no theories in regard to the future society. The ideas of voluntary co-operation and mutual aid outgrowing from the American ideal of majority rule had doubtless not found lodgement in his consciousness. Yet he sees the necessity for change and the danger of blindly worshipping the Democratic ideal, a danger which is bound to end in stagnation and suicide. "In this country," says he in his essay on Politics, "we are very vain of our political institutions which are singular in this, that they spring within the memory of living men, from the

character and condition of the people, which they still express with sufficient fidelity, (fifty years ago)—and we ostentatiously prefer them to any other in history. *They are not better but only fitter for us.* Born democrats, we are in no wise qualified to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living in the monarchial idea, was also *relatively right.* But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. *Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well.* What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning,* intimating that the State is a trick?"

Emerson possessed to an astonishing degree the optimism and calm faith of the religious seer; his cosmic consciousness was god-like in its nonchalant trust in the ultimate good that awaits humanity. He saw in the political disturbances of European history and in the social cataclysms of the future opportunity for character building; he welcomed these revolutions as furnishing necessary material for remolding the human soul into something finer and nobler—the superman. He saw limitless opportunity for growth. "The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul." The present is wretched with poverty and squalor, yet he hears his "sky-born music still, from all that's fair and all that's foul." "Even," in the mud and scum of things, "there alway, alway something sings."

It appears, indeed, his mission to point out to the blinded eyes the soul which he discerns hidden under the crudest, most forlorn exterior. The criminal, the outcast, the libertine—the soul in them he recognizes as identical in potential uses with his own. Every vice, every virtue which man may experience is latent within himself. Hence his optimism. Hence, too, his attitude toward invested authority. At best government is a necessary evil, necessary only because men do not understand that government is "a satire," that "the less government we have the better,—the fewer laws and the less confided powers."

Although, as we have said, it is doubtful if Emerson's

Anarchism attained to a constructive form, nevertheless he saw a vision of a future condition of society, plastic, alive, a State freed of the machinery of government, a society permeated with a religion devoid of the tools of institutionalism.

"When the church is *social worth,*
When the State-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect state is come,
The republican at home."

When character becomes a social force then the State is unnecessary, for the "wise man is the State." When men shall recognize the priceless worth of character, then they can neither tolerate oppression, nor can they afford to oppress. Then in the words of Emerson they will sing:

"To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of the rescue, sound!
Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? *The slave is owner,*
And ever was. Pay him."

CRIME AND CRIMINALS

"Crime and Criminals" is the title of a book about to be issued by the Prison Reform League, of 443 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal. It is dedicated to Tolstoy and presents a powerful plea for the abolition of the revengeful spirit in connection with the treatment of crime and criminals, and the substitution of that humaner, modern philosophy which regards the wrongdoer as the victim of unfavorable environment. In other words, it is an attack, and an utterly ruthless attack, on the "deterrent" theory which at present reigns well-nigh supreme in our law courts, jails, and penitentiaries, seeking to suppress crime by making the way of the transgressor hard. Against this the book in question pits the opinions of the modern, scientific school of criminology, maintains that repressive measures make bad conditions worse.

The growth of the modern school of thought is illustrated by the increasing popularity of juvenile courts, the

indeterminate sentence, the release of convicts on parole, provisions for the care of discharged prisoners, and other ameliorative measures with which the public is becoming familiar. These are considered in detail, much evidence of the good results already secured being adduced. But the bulk of the book is devoted to a scathing arraignment of conditions as they now exist, and it is along these lines that it seems likely to attract widespread attention.

To say that the authors have not hesitated to speak out would be to put the matter with almost ridiculous feebleness. It is a terrific indictment that they have drawn up, supporting it with a remarkable array of evidence from well-known authors, governmental and other statistics, and personal testimony. The deterrent, or frightening tactics adopted by the police, as in the matter of illegal arrests, the administration of the "third degree," the suppression of meetings, and the Fee system—all these come in for merciless criticism. But the main attack on the deterrent system is centered on conditions in our jails and penitentiaries, and in particular on the existence of habitual torture—an anachronism to which the American public is only now beginning to awake. In this connection some astounding testimony is produced, and it is here that the work seems calculated to produce a profound sensation.

The first chapter is devoted to a demonstration of the fact that crime is on the increase. Thus the foundation for all the subsequent attack is laid. The second chapter concerns itself with capital punishment, which is denounced as the parent of lynching and singled out for special condemnation as representing, in its crudest form, the barbaric sentiment of revenge. The authors have spared no pains to show that, as a deterrent, the death penalty is an obvious failure.

With the third chapter, entitled "Deterrence Worked to the Limit," we enter on a consideration of torture as prevalent in our penal institutions, and much terrifying evidence is adduced from the recent records of Illinois, Ohio, Texas, and other States. Chapter IV brings us to California, since it consists of a life-sketch, "San Quentin, as I Knew It," by Griffith J. Griffith, secretary and treasurer of the Prison Reform League. Col. Griffith has lectured and written so much during the last three years, that Californians have become very generally aware that the

conditions in San Quentin have not been such as to reflect credit on their State, but the detailed account now given by him and founded on his own personal experiences, is certain to prove an eye-opener and cannot but make a profound impression on all who read it. If possible the following chapter, "San Quentin, as a Female Prisoner Knew It," reveals an even more shocking state of affairs, and it should be noted that this is the first complete story that has come from that side of the house.

"Southern Convict Camps," "Breaking the Will," "Deterrence by the Police," "The Fee System," "County and City Jails," and "What Good Does It Do?" are the titles of ensuing chapters and aptly indicate the line of criticism pursued. The remainder of the book is given over to a consideration of the principles of the new school of criminology and the victories it has attained.

At the outset the authors state that their work is intended more particularly to furnish material for newspaper and literary men, their principal anxiety being to enlist the aid of the press in bringing this subject into universal discussion. For this reason care has been taken to ransack recent literature for such references and general information as are likely to be serviceable to editors and authors, wishing to write intelligently on a topic that is to-day exceedingly alive. But the work cannot fail to attract the general public, both by reason of the sensational revelations with which it abounds, and because of the fact that, although presenting scientific views, it is entirely free from scientific jargon. The style is simplicity itself; the authors evidently have felt that they have a tremendous case to lay before the public, and they have not minced language or flinched a single issue. That counts heavily with the public, and justly so.

The book is illustrated and handsomely got up, and it is put on the market at the low price of one dollar. It is clear that the league has no intention of making money out of it, for it is announced specifically that all profits will be devoted to a fund for the release of prisoners unable to raise the amount needed for obtaining the paroles to which they are otherwise entitled. That it should be necessary for private individuals to furnish money for such a purpose is in itself an indictment of our present regulations.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SIMPSON AND CHLOROFORM. Victor Robinson. Pub. by Wm. Wood & Co., New York.

UNSERE HEIMAT. Pierre Ramus, Paris.

REFORMES, REVOLUTION. Jean Grave, Paris.

THE ROAD TO POWER. Karl Kautsky. S. A. Bloch, Chicago.

THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS. Robin Dunbar. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

A BEAR. Anton Tchekhov. Translated by Roy Temple House. Woods Pub. Co., New York.

HONOR. Drama by John Franklyn Phillips, New York.

FREE SPEECH FUND

RECEIPTS.

Balance, as per Nov. Acc't, $177.75; Geo. Herron, Florence, Italy, $50; Collection 11th of November Meeting, N. Y., $14.54; E. G. Meeting, Bronsville, N. Y., 11.73; Paul Kutchan, Petersburg, Va., $10; C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore., $10.00; Per List, Ball & Eisenberg, Chelsea, Mass., $6.60; per Rev. E. White, Worcester, Mass., $6; J. Pastorello, San Francisco, Cal., $3; I. Klein, Salt Lake City, Utah, $3; R. B. Kerr, Kelowna, B. C., $3; Vernon J. Rose, Kansas City, Mo., $2; per Alice Raskin, N. Y., $1.50; Geo. H. Goebel, Newark, N. J., $1.—Total, $300.12.

EXPENDITURES.

Deficit Phila. F. S. Fund, as per Nov. acc't	$12.54	Trip to Paterson, N. J., on F. S. business	3.00
To S. A. Stodel, for Spokane F. S. fight	10.00	Miscellaneous (Postage, Typewriting, etc.)	10.00
To Frank Stephens, toward Phila. expenses	10.00		$49.54
Trip to New Haven, on F. S. business, J. Cook	4.00	Receipts	$300.12
		Expenditures	49.54
		Balance	$250.58

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

G. E. Roe, New York, $50; A. Kazen and M. Myers, N. Y., $7; Mrs. Stewart, Phila., $5 Jas. Pierson, Phila., $5; A. Bird, Redlands, Cal., $4; Wm. Tieman, San Fran., Cal., $4; Ph. Scora, Evansville, Ind., $3; L. Malmed, Albany, N. Y., $3; Per H. J. Van der Hoff, Los Angeles, Cal., $2.50; I. Klein, Salt Lake City, Utah, $2; List, per H. Rosen, Toronto, Can., $2; List, per A. Lipshitz, Rochester, N. Y., $1.25; S. Weislander, Seattle, Wash., $1; Alex. Aldrich, Chicago, Ill., $1; F. & C. Rathbun, New York, $1.

SPANISH FUND

Collections at E. G. meetings: Bronsville, $30.00; Newark, $8.14; New York, $18.24; Harlem, $11.37; W. Hoboken, $11.84; Brooklyn, $6.40; Lynn, $4.50; Lawrence, $4.50. Collect. Fed. Social Ital., N. Y., $5.25; Ferrer Memorial Papers, $2.75; Dr. R. Fritz, N. Y., $4.00.—Total, $106.99.

Out of this fund $93.00 have been forwarded to Comrade Charles Malato, Paris. Balance of $13.99 on hand.